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A  
BROTHER'S ADVICE  
TO  
HIS SISTERS.

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BROTHER'S ADVICE  
TO  
HIS SISTERS.

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—“TO COMPLAIN THAT LIFE HAS NO JOYS,  
WHILE THERE IS A SINGLE CREATURE WHOM  
WE CAN RELIEVE BY OUR BOUNTY; ASSIST  
BY OUR COUNSELS; OR ENLIVEN BY OUR PRE-  
SENCE:—IS TO LAMENT THE LOSS OF THAT  
WHICH WE POSSESS, AND JUST AS RATIONAL  
AS TO DIE OF THIRST WITH THE CUP IN OUR  
HANDS.”—

MELMOTH'S “Fitzosborne's Letters.”

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L O N D O N :

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EXHIBIT B

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A

BROTHER'S ADVICE, &c.

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1 September — 74.

MY DEAREST SISTERS!

**T**HERE are who,—in the decline of life, either by self-love, desire of fame, or penance for past follies ; or, perhaps, now and then, by an honest spirit of philanthropy,—have been led to employ a little portion of their time (is it not a little?) in the drawing up of counsels, or

B

in

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in the composing of instructions, for those to whom they were, by nature, or by inclination, more immediately united.—We ever are anxiously solicitous about the well-doing of those whom we feel our selves sincerely to love and to esteem.—Without any founding profession of friendship, which, in these days, were too justly thought hollow ; suffer fraternal affection for once to guide the pen of advice ! Tho the attempt do no honour to my head ; it shall not, i trust, be found to disgrace my heart : and, since we most willingly listen to people of our own age, it is not to you that i have to apologize  
for

for being unfortunately as yet but a boy.—The subsequent trifle may not, possibly, be deemed less dear, or be perused less attentively, because it is a brother's present. For its merit,—you are not to expect me, the first time of my seriously appearing in print, to be able to cry up, as skillfully as the experienced veterans of the press, that performance which i would seem to depreciate: never can i descend so low as to flatter even my self.—What is deficient, must not therefore be useless: in the absence of the sun, we are glad of the moon. The design, however, was not bad; and the designs, and not the success



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or the miscarriage, of his creatures, are what the justice of G—d regards :—to have endeavoured well, will not offend that G—d;—is praise enough for man.

There is more, perhaps, of solemnity and of awefulness, in print, than in manuscript. It is not possible to account for our prejudices. A gown and cassock shall procure attention to a discourse, which, in the social familiarity of parlour conversation, passed almost unregarded.—Beside, letters, or loose sheets of paper (tho the leaves of a Sibyl), are very easily scattered, thrown by, or forgotten;  
or,



or, should we have grace enough to be ashamed not to have profited by them, are, with very little difficulty, destroyed :— but print carries more weight with it, and strikes us as being a more serious affair ; and when we know it to have been particularly addressed to our selves ; and when we conclude, like conscious guilt, every one we meet to know the same— when it says, “ thou art the man ”— we cannot help considering it, as a more immediate tie, as a public call, upon us, to adhere to the advice which it contains ; provided that advice be good.

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The Countess of Macclesfield, that most unnatural of all mothers, who scrupled not to proclaim her self an unblushing adulteress; and who had first endeavoured to starve her son Savage, then to kidnap him, and afterward to hang him; discovered an evident sense of shame at the publication of a little poem.

True is it, my Sisters, that many are the fashionable ways in which i might employ my time; and, as some of your pritty gentlemen would obligingly tell me, to better purposes. But i am a plain unpolished man, and i cannot help it. While i do  
live,

live, i will not live quite in vain. Beside, i never killed above one poor partridge, in my life; so this you see is merely to kill time.—These young gentlemen must e'en, I think, exercise their wit upon me. The worst the world can say of me is that i want taste; that i am not “for the fashion of these times:”—I am content — and in the infamy of the sarcasm i must patiently acquiesce.

But—à *propôs* of these same men, women, and children, whom we collectively style the world. Very little have i to say to them — only, perhaps, they may just think proper to

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“ spare the man they do not know.”  
As merrily as ever i can i will walk  
through them ; and tho they give  
me not very often their good words,  
still less frequently will i deserve their  
bad. In my prosperity i will gladly  
seek them ; in my adversity i am sure  
they will not trouble me. I will do  
my best, and then the worst the world  
can do shall never pain me. Of these  
pages they are to form their own o-  
pinions. Applause i look for none ;  
the subject indeed is not of that na-  
ture. Those useful pens, which have,  
most gallantly, and most heroically,  
upon their last stumps, served their  
country, nay Europe, nay posterity, in  
describing

describing the luscious scenes of lascivious love among rude Indians, or in teaching young men how to acquire a little hundred of the graces by defiling the marriage bed—have left but a poor gleanings of praise for a plain crow quill, whose humble purpose is simply to direct two innocent girls to the flowery path which winds to heaven. However, that I have spent a few leisure hours upon this little bagatelle will be a future source of pleasure to me, which no human blame shall lessen, no human praise increase. Dearer to me shall be the pen with which I scribbled it, than Cardinal Chigi's was to him — and, small



IO A BROTHER'S ADVICE

small and trifling as it is, rather would i have written it, than the four hundred and ninety works of Varro, the four thousand volumes of Didymus the grammarian, or the six thousand treatises of Origen. —Yes, my Sisters—forgive the fond boast, if indeed it be a boast—but, most assuredly, with more genuine joy, more home-felt satisfaction, will my lingering soul take her fearful flight, in the hour of death, when she shall smilingly look back upon this, at least well-intended, trifle; than if she should blush to acknowledge herself to be the infamous author of any of those poisonous volumes



lumes under which the loaded shelves  
of the woman of fashion, and the  
man of pleasure, groan and bend.  
Tho my life be less notoriously fa-  
mous than the life of Fontaine, or  
of Rochester, my death shall be  
more pleasant; and conscience shall  
not send me out of the world, like  
Trivulce the Italian, with a drawn  
sword in my hand.—It is my firm trust  
to die with no worse crime upon my  
mind than that of being a bad writer  
on the side of goodness: and should  
i ever scribble any things which  
deserve the name of works, re-  
pentance shall not cause me, as it  
caused Cowley, to recommend the  
revising

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revising of them to the care of a friend, with this particular obligation, *to be sure not to let any thing pass that may seem the least offence to religion or to good manners!* for, i would, this instant, split up my little crow quill, could i fancy it ever capable of offending either against the one or against the other.—Yes, my G \* \* \* \*,—Yes, my M \* \* \*, Yes, my memories of the dear, departed woman who bare us! the smiling remembrance of the happy time which i spent in throwing these advices upon paper shall be a future comfort, a reviving cordial, to my aking years: it shall soften the sharpest

est pang of sorrow; and sooth the saddest sickness into slumber:— gently shall it smooth an eider-down pillow for mine age; and sweetly shall it brighten, for one extatic moment brighten, the fixing eyeballs of death's dark self.—Little concern will it give me to hear from my bookfeller that only five or six copies are sold; nor very much shall I grieve that but a small number of young ladies do me the inexpressible honour to smooth their tuckers and their ribands in my book; to make thread papers of it; or to tear it into pieces, for papillots, or to make their thimbles fit.—Let but the dear persons,

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persons, for whom it is written, derive either pleasure or profit from it! and you shall see me smile at what the world calls fame. Give me leave to apply to you what a certain Greek poet said of Plato; "My sisters  
"are alone an audience."—If this be vanity, sure i am that i meant it not as such; for I most readily agree with him who remarks, of all the garbs he ever saw pride put on, that of humility to be the most disgusting:—but, if it be vanity—serve me, kind heaven, as it is my earnest prayer that i may be served! —To every body let the author of this little book remain unknown,

but to Thee, and to his Sisters!—  
 THY MOST SLIGHTEST approbation;  
 their thanks; and the *still, small, silent*  
 applause of his own conscience; infinitely does he prefer before the  
 plaudits of a thousand worlds like  
 this.

But to my text—tho i hope you  
 suspect me not to be penning a sermon!

The business of a woman, in this  
 world of ours, is not, perhaps,  
 only

————— to sing, to dance,  
 To dress, and trouble the tongue, and roll  
 the eye —

Whatever



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Whatever some beautiful ones of your sex may imagine, or some artful ones of mine insinuate:—but, beyond all peradventure, to be as serviceable in her generation as she can—to render herself acceptable to her maker, and agreeable to her fellow-creatures — and to be particularly careful of her health; without which she can fulfil no one of these duties; and the neglect of which is, at best, but a more genteel phrase, a more polite expression, for the voluntary shortening of life; or, if i must speak out, for self-murder. — And *are* these very few duties of such very difficult performance?



ance? I *may* mistake, but i cannot think so.

It should seem then as if goodness were rather a necessary qualification in your sex:—i must not add *in mine*; as i set a much higher value upon the esteem and good opinion of my too scrupulous friends and acquaintances, than to sacrifice them to a couple of paltry monosyllables: for, after such a terrible slip of my pen, with what courage could i presume to sport my sneaking face in Oxford, or in London! at the Opera, the Theatres, the Cocoa-tree, Soho, the Pantheon, or

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the

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the House of Commons ! It were absolutely as bad, as a suspicion of having cheated my best friend with a forged bond.—This unfortunate word *goodness* i grant you to be, at present, somewhat out of fashion, tho the signification of it, to be sure, is not ; and, like the obsolete appellation of *Goody*, to be reprobated in all polite companies, from Hyde Park Corner to Wapping Old Stairs. It is seldom used between fifteen and five-and-fifty ; unless, now and then, to flatter the dead, or to ridicule the living.—All well-dressed men and women have long since wisely laid aside this antiquated

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ed ornament. Nobody is seen in it, but somebody whom nobody knows: nor will you, now, meet with it any where, except, perhaps, at a church on a fine Sunday, or on a fiftieth wedding day, in some of our distant provinces; along with the high-crowned bonnet, the high-toed shoes, and the other ridiculous fashions of the last century. But i wish *you*, my dear Sisters, to be old-fashioned enough not altogether to reject it. More merit is there in it, than in the low stays of your grandmothers, which seem (not, in the milaner's phrase, "coming *up* again"—i would, for your sakes, they were! but) coming

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common again. Exceedingly indecent, trust me, you shall not find it : and,—to leave metaphor to those who are afraid to speak plain,—i am fully persuaded that, by endeavouring to be good, we resemble the Deity, almost as nearly as the word *good* resembles the monosyllable, which our language hath peculiarly appropriated to the sacred purpose of denoting that Deity.

Have you any vanity ? Gain the esteem of all good men, by rendering your selves good.—Have you any pride ? I hope you to have some ! Then South will tell you a  
most

most sublime truth, that, were there but one virtuous man in the world, he would hold up his head with confidence, and honour ;—he would shame the world, and not the world him.—Have you any ambition? Endeavour to be after G—d's own heart.

This aukward crow quill of mine, unfashionable as it is to prate of virtue, shall not be so incorrigibly unpolite as to hint, in the most distant manner, that there is a vulgar place where we shall ever weep to have been wicked ;—an old woman's tale, which some old women



still credit — melancholy proof of the prejudices of a superstitious education ! but i think i may safely venture to affirm that there is no place, here or elsewhere, no shortest moment of our longest lives, in which we shall not rejoice, exult to have been good.

Altho the world, as a very great man, who knew it very intimately, says of state affairs, be, to those who meddle in it, like a lottery— yet it is a lottery in which no good person can be a loser. Mistake not, however, as some have been observed to do, the love, for the practice,



tice, of virtue; and so be less good women than the friends of goodness: nor give people an opportunity of applying to virtue what was well said of knowledge—that many would have arrived at it, had they not flattered their selves that they were already there.—Some years hence, let your retrospects of time entertain you with many a well-spent day; and, at present, when your acquaintances wish you, “a *good day*” (too frequently without meaning any thing, notwithstanding their warm, canvassing, squeeze of the hand); understand it literally; and let them never wish in

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vain.—Remember that it is very possible to be innocent without being virtuous.—Submit rather to be laughed at here, than to be condemned hereafter. — Consult your pleasure, your happiness, your interest: and dare to be even unfashionably good !

Know you not “ the guilty part  
“ of mankind to be incapable of  
“ the happiness which is in the  
“ very sorrows of the righteous ?”

Religion will be found, perhaps, if possible, still more immediately necessary to the worldly happiness of your  
sex,

sex, than of mine. If you turn your eyes upon the different paths which we are to tread through life, you will be of a similar opinion.—The man of pleasure, provided he take care never to be alone, and have tolerable health, can do without religion on this side forty; but the woman, who shall want it, must inevitably be wretched.

Female wickedness, if it be a good counterfeit of virtue, may pass current for a time; but, however beautiful the dye, with which Nature hath stamped it, to be reprobated must be its certain fate:—  
and

and this, remember, is not the coin men covet.—Vice very seldom marries, except like some Indians, of whom i have red, among her own relations.

It was wisely contrived by the Roman Marcellus, that no one could enter the temple of Honour, without passing through that of Virtue.—Take it, upon the honest word of a brother, who can have very little interest in deceiving you—and take it as a certainty, if there be such a thing—that, G—d hath ordained the hand of Virtue alone to lead you to true Happiness.

Fancy no distance too great to gain a friend, or to lose an enemy : and never think any journey too long to take a good man, or a good woman, by the hand, at the end of it. In collision with goodness, the most hardened vice may take fire :—and very many are the ill consequences which have arisen from being linked with sin, or even with folly. — Do not you remember the famous balet des Ardens of Charles the Sixth? in which we are told somewhere how several young wits of the court, the more naturally to represent savages (even in those early days of refinement, you see, it was the ton to be ashamed



ashamed of being men), pitched and haired, and tarred and feathered their, canvass jackets ; and how all, but the king, chained their wife selves together so fast, that a cowardly spark of fire, from a flambeau, falling upon one of their combustible dresses, burned two of them to death, before they could be separated ; and so scorched the others, that the greatest part of them died in a few days.

The first maxim of all people, and of all nations, is, “ That the perfection and happiness of human nature are only to be attained through the medium of a moral and  
a vir-

a virtuous life." Death-bed confessions are generally sincere.—If it be true that dead men never tell tales, it is as true that dying men seldom tell lies.—For the truth of this maxim i dare venture to appeal to the last words of every irreligious wretch since Cain, who hath gone out of the world with his senses about him. Thousands have lived wickedly—none has died so. — Endeavour *you*, then, my Sisters, to merit what is finely said of an unenlightened heathen, that not only his words, and his actions, but that his very thoughts, were never censurable : and give me to hear you called

“ Good,”

“Good,” for rather better reasons than Louis the thirteenth was, from his infancy, called “Just”—because he chanced to be born under the sign of the ballance.

This is not meant for a jest book—so i need not to apologize for being, now and then, grave.—After all that hath been written, my dear girls, by men whose consciences have vainly wished to find their doctrines true: and after all that hath been said, for it is not alway that these can write, by men whose only employment, whose sole vocation, hath been the ruin of your sex. After all  
their

their quibbles, and all their sophistry, still surely there is a G—d! still surely there is another world! and these very young gentlemen, whenever their impiety glow not with claret, and every time they sleep alone, cannot help fearfully believing that they shall find it so. Your brother is no clergyman, nor is this written on the back of an unpaid taylor's bill, or in sickness, or in sorrow, or on a rainy Sunday—but he dares be bold enough to affirm, that to live conformably to these glorious, these comfortable, truths, is, unquestionably, the *first* felicity, the *most sublime* pleasure, with which he  
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is acquainted ! Let fashion, and her followers, deride this folly—and say seriously of goodness, as Montaigne jestingly said of greatness ; since we cannot attain to it, we will have our revenge by laughing at it—he, however, who calls his self miserable, without denying a deity, and without maintaining that he shall be nothing after death, is ——— but a boy in misery !

Seneca would have us to fancy that Cato is alway before us ; and Marcus Aurelius, i think, advises us to suppose one of the philosophers to be continually overlooking us—and  
right

right prudently should we do to suppose, and to fancy, thus; were we not sure that we are performing before an infinitely more noble audience.—Know some men and women, whom i could name, what it is to believe our selves to be always in the presence of the Supreme Being?—to believe that he is witness to our most secret actions; that he hears our most silent thoughts?—Know they what ardour this persuasion lends to virtue, what animating zeal it gives to goodness? —Know these ladies and these gentlemen, i say, what dear delight it is to bare our bosoms to our fa-

D

ther

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ther which is in heaven ; to commune, to have intercourse, with him (we must take up with such terms as language can afford us—when our ideas are not adequate, our expressions will, naturally, be improper) ; to thank him for what we enjoy—to tell him what we want—to endeavour to render our frail selves worthy to appear before him when this world, and when all its vanity, shall be no more?—By every joy of that heaven after which i strainingly reach forward ! good people would have most reason on their sides, were it possible for them to entertain the

faintest shadow of a doubt concerning another world — for, already, they have a paradise even in this.

Lord Chesterfield pompously tells his son, that he wishes him not to live, unless he can wear his hat and his hands gracefully, make modest use of his muckender, and come into a room without stumbling over his sword.—Oh rare parental providence!—Nor wants a brother's breast a trifling thought or two for you, my girls. —That your lives may be long, is the second wish that animates it! The first is, that they may be virtuous!



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Suffer me to repeat some advices to you, which i received from aged experience. — Make G—d your friend; and then care not who is your enemy : — Forget not that there is a witness every where : —and venture not upon an ill thing, but when you shall be confident that G—d and Conscience cannot see you !

The old man who gave me these advices, was a good old man ; and the days of his years were innocent, and many. He was ninety and four years of age when he died. I saw him fall asleep. Where wast thou, Reynolds ? It was a scene from  
which

which an angel well might weep to have been absent. Pliny, i think, relates Zoroaster to have come laughing into the world :— My good old friend went smiling out of it.— Oh might this grateful pen but mark his humble tombstone with applause! Living he had not much of it, the world knows ; for his Meekness ever preferred deserving without praise, before doing ill with commendation. But he hath his reward.— Let not, however, my gratitude mislead the world. He left me no legacy— unless, in truth, his example, and the remembrance of him, be legacies invaluable.— I sat upon the left side of

the bed of death. Methought mine eyes never beheld a finer sight—but i was partial ; and the sun alway seems largest, when setting. — Voltaire says that, he who dies before many witnesses, dies with courage : —One only, boyish, witness of his death had this worn out, weak, old man ; and yet better pleased would the Marshal de Biron have been with it, than he was with the death of queen Elizabeth's Essex.—My right hand was clinched in his right hand. His last, longing, lingering looks were not rivetted one while upon his vices, and another upon his riches. Of the former he had none to lament  
that

that he must leave behind him;—of the latter he had well nigh exhausted all : — how, and where, are known, and noted down, in the place to which he was hastening. His voice failed him : he paused to take breath. I rubbed mine eye with the bottom of the curtain—something had gotten into it—it wanted not wiping—! This was no scene to whimper at.

“ My son, i have been young ;  
 “ but now I am very old.—Trust to  
 “ my experience :—This same world  
 “ of ours hath many fine things in  
 “ it—and many things to please the  
 “ senses : — but the purest pleasures

### A BROTHER'S ADVICE

“ are derived from endeavours after  
“ goodness.—Endeavour to be good,  
“ and—thou art good.—Live in the  
“ world, as if thou mean to leave  
“ it.—Play not about the utmost li-  
“ mits of good, lest, peradventure,  
“ thou slide over into evil. — Be al-  
“ way doing something, that the De-  
“ vil catch thee not at leisure for  
“ him.—Fear G—d; but love him:  
“ and rather despise death, than hate  
“ life.”——I thought him to have  
only closed his eyes, the better to  
collect his thoughts;—but they were  
closed for ever! —I waited, trem-  
blingly expecting to hear him speak  
again;—but he spake no more! He  
departed,



departed, indeed ; but not like Jehoram, “ without being desired.” —  
 — G—d rest his worthy soul ! —  
 Little occasion had he, that G—d knows, as he spoke of his tombstone, to say, “ May those, whom i  
 “ have ill used, forget, as they read  
 “ the day of my death, all the injuries i ever did them !” alluding to the ancient notion, that the perusal of epitaphs impaired the memory.—  
 Alas ! his hand was against no one :  
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sion, "the Greek," and "the scholar."—Thy greatest enemies, hadst thou had any enemies, could only have stigmatized thee with the appellations of "the good man," and "the man of probity."

Gentle spirit! Inaudibly didst thou glide through life—and silent, but useful, was the tenour of thy days:—not even tinged, nor discoloured, was it by the filth, or the various mixtures, over which it flowed.—Henry the seventh was called, "The poor man's king"; but thou wast called, "The poor man's father"—"The mother of the motherless!"—To  
the

the blind thou wast eyes : — and to the lame wast thou not feet ? — When thou receivedst a kindness, didst thou not remember it ever ? When thou renderedst one, didst thou not ever forget it ? — The approbation of a few good men thou covetedst, and thou hadst.

Gentle spirit ! Thy life was all so tranquil ! — “ So meekly thou didst bear thy faculties ! ” — Never didst thou cause a single eye shed tears, unless — of joy. Louis the fourteenth promised a considerable reward to him who should invent a new order of architecture ; and a Per-  
sian



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fian king offered a much greater reward for a new pleasure.—So much pleasure didst thou literally take in goodness that, hadst thou been a king, thou wouldest have offered a still greater reward for the invention of a new virtue.—The love with which I loved thee hath not moulted the smallest feather of its plumage. Yet, still, it flutters round the spot where once thou wast.—The old, broken, ink glass, into which i slowly and sorrowfully dip my pen as i think upon thee, was thy old ink glass: oh that Elijah's ink were in it!—The little desk on which i write this, was thy little desk:—

desk : — i still fasten my shirt with thy monitory shirt-buckle.—— Let me lay by the pen of affection — and rise from my chair — and shut my study door—and kneel me down —and humbly thank heaven, in the broken, imperfect language of gratitude, for depriving its self of thee, until i were old enough to profit by thy death ! and more shall i profit by it, i trust, than Tickel did by Addison's.

Thou art happy, gentle spirit !  
yes, by heaven thou art !—And such  
applause as thy meek soul delighted  
in, that art thou not without.—Not  
a single

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a single poor family in the parish in which thou livedst, but hath called more than one of its children after thee. — The grand common place of their memories is the death of their benefactor ; and, if they be asked at what time any particular event happened, they immediately recollect whether it were before, or since, that mournful æra.

They beg a hair of thee for memory,—  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue! —

Softly and carefully is thy grave  
trodden by the foot of gratitude ;  
and the parson's pillion-mare, for  
grazing

grazing it, is roguishly turned adrift, almost every night.—Thy name is a perfect charm in the village: it effectually healeth all family feuds; and at the mention of it, Enmity and Friendship meet, and embrace each other, even in the streets.—The old house dog, of whom thou wast so fond, is known by no other name, is welcomed at the poorest hatch, and is so fat that he can hardly waddle.—Thy virtues are the common subjects of conversation, every winter evening, at the blacksmith's; and, every Sunday morning in summer, upon the smooth-worn tombstone, under the great yew-tree, in the church-yard.—

The

The strolling player, to whom thou formerly gavest some advice, travelled a long way, on foot, from a far country, about a twelvemonth since, to come and thank thee : and they told him thou wast in heaven — and so he would have carried away the old dog ; but they would not suffer him — and so then he hired the barber's shop, whose back windows look into that which was thy garden ; and he came, and he dwelled there — and he devours not his morsel alone ; for never does the strolling player eat a meal, but the old dog eats part of it.

Altho



Altho two years and seven months have gone over thy tombstone, not a letter is there defaced by the fingers of idleness; not a corner is there of it broken off.—Rustic lovers plight their honest troth over it, by moonlight.—The young men play not at chuck-farthing near it on Sundays, nor do the boys make a mark of it to pelt at:—and the labourers, who worked for thee when living, take it by turns, even in harvest time, to clear the weeds away from about it, every Sunday, before the Doctor appear at his garden gate.—In these praises i know thee dearly to delight—and these

E                      praises

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praises all are thine.—Heaven hath thee now ; and i cannot get much by paying them.

Let the world smile at me, and pity me, my Sisters. I care not. It shall go. It came warm from my heart ; i could feel it trickle through my pen as i wrote ; and i know not to be ashamed of it. Never shall you see your Brother beg his reader's pardon for it.—Great G—d of heaven

heaven and earth ! if it be come then to such a pass that we must blush, must make apologies, for *having* a little gratitude : what is there left for us to do, should we ever be so truly wretched as to *want* it ?

And want it we all of us do, my dear readers, too often : and, however singular it appear, in the very place where we ought least to want it.—Is it not true that a rich, querulous, maiden aunt, or an old, miserly, money-loving uncle, shall be more kneed, and more curried, and more crouched to, and more revered, for some paltry, pocket

piece? — and more courted, and more truckled to, and more worshipped, in expectation of what, perhaps, the one will leave to her butler, and the other to his house-keeper—than our Father which is in heaven?—But ye supple sons and daughters of Prudence — ye worldly-witted wights — ye who will condescend to bow the meekest, joblike, knee, — that knee which never bends to G—d,—where but a mite is to be gotten! from whose table, i pray you! fell those scraps and crumbs which ye have so miserably gleaned and scraped together? —Whence, i beseech you! primarily

rily gushed forth those useless, stagnant pools, which your hard hands have painfully expressed, squeezed, wrung, in dry drops, from widows and from orphans?—Did the Lord open the barren rock, and can he not close it? Did the Lord give? and can the Lord not take away?—For shame! I deemed you to have better known your interests. Cunning men I counted you.—Cannot you trim a little in morality, as well as in politics?—There's your friend the alderman never dispenses with the ceremony of grace-saying, but when there be a turtle for dinner.—Not only you are deficient in the

E 3                      virtues,



54 A BROTHER'S ADVICE

virtues, but in the very vices of your time of life. Machiavel recommends the appearance of goodness to his pupil : and Chartres said he would willingly give ten thousand pounds for the reputation of it.—What ! know you not counterfeit virtues to be the most successful vices ?—Your very children surely might have taught you, from their behaviour to yourselves, at least to feign what ye do not feel—and this is an age for mimickry—at least to pretend a leetle gratitude !—ye think ye can cozen, can impose upon the omniscient G—d, in other things ; and so why not in this ?—

at

at least to seem to be grateful, in prudent hope of further favours!—and yet how often see we a French cook almost kissed for dressing that dinner which G—d was never so much as thanked for giving! While the merest schoolboy will tell you that his obligation is not to the servant who brings him a present, but to the kind relation or friend from whom it came. For myself,—i protest to you, my Sisters! that were there no such luxury as gratitude, this instant i would blot out of my dictionary the word “accept,” together with every synonymous term which it contains.—A good-natured

man would slowly turn his back even upon a well which had allayed his thirst—and the celebrated author of your acquaintance, who feelingly observed that he should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, which he remembered ever since he was a child; would have been still fonder of the old post had it been the accidental mean of preserving his life.—*If* there be in the world one man or one woman whom i cordially detest and hate; the most ingenious tyrant could not put me to a more cruel torture than to oblige me to receive a favour at the hands of that person.

Continue we, however, my girls, to pay our morning and our evening duties, to our heavenly Father. Our nights are not less sound, on this account; nor pass our days less pleasantly.—Those of our own age who affect to smile, and bid us go to our nurses, will, their selves, condescend to learn a short prayer or two by heart, some thirty years hence:—or, more probably, will go out, as they were lighted, in offensive methodism—(for your's is not the only sex whose mistakes find a retreat in devotion)—and, after intemperately scorching all the world, will decline in the evening of their days,

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days, as coolly, and as silently, as they set out in the morning :—and i sincerely wish that they may rise, in another world, bright and unobscured ! That they may find, hereafter, G—d contented with the devil's leavings !—and that they may acquire a greater reputation for goodness, by generously giving up, with their last breaths, vices of which they can no longer partake ; than they would gain credit for charity, by bountifully endowing, on their deathbeds, a college or a cat, with those riches which they can no longer keep !—Nor will we not, before and after every meal thank the  
primary

primary donor of it:—nor will we think the trouble too immense to stand up for this purpose; when we readily stand up to bow to one of our fellow creatures. Beside, my Sisters, the delay is not so very long; and you are not fond enough of venison, i think, to be afraid the fat should get cold:—and, i dare believe, you seldom found your victuals to digest the worse for it.—Never be graceless, then, in any sense of the word.—A great, and, what is saying much more, a good, man—to whom your sex is more indebted than to three parts of your fathers and mothers—speaking of  
intem-

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intemperance, said, that when he beheld a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, he fancied his self to see gouts and dropfies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.—Sure i am that the eye of ingratitude must more than fancy it's self to see all these.—The smart coats, and witty walking-sticks, who are as laboriously constant at the playhouses as if they received, instead of paid, money, for their attendance,—will sneer at you, perhaps, with young Bevil's Tom, for not falling to your dinners till some formal fellow say certain hard words

words over the meat; as if the cook had not made it ready enough. But this is clever, and you must inevitably laugh at it, and applaud it. Many of your sex have, before now, sworn to love, honour and obey, such a bright joke as this.

But to return, if you will excuse me, to dull seriousness:—my memory alas! is not good enough for a modern wit.—Observe to vary your grace and your private prayers, every now and then. So childishly are we given to novelty, that the 'squire shall be cheated of his afternoon nap, and a whole congregation shall



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shall “ feel their hearts newopened,” by a new clergyman. Custom is continually upon the watch to lessen our little attention to our most serious concerns ; and too frequently succeeds.—There goes a story of a pious priest who would most devoutly run over his beads and his avemary, every half hour, whether waking or sleeping : and i have heard an indecent brute mumble two or three words, with a loud “ amen” at the end of them, while he was up to his wrist in roast beef, without knowing, i am confident, what he was about.—Where shall we find even terrestrial credulity  
weak

weak enough to be imposed upon by such habitual, such mechanical, devotion? A dog may be taught to beg for a bone; and myself had a gray squirrel that would put its two little paws together, for a walnut or a piece of a potatoe.

At your own houses, you need not blush, i should imagine, to beg of G—d, aloud, to make your food wholesome, and your hearts thankful.—At other places, indeed, where gluttony cannot wait,—or where a story must not be interrupted,—or a joke, or a dish, must not be spoiled,—or where a parson happen,  
for-

64 A BROTHER'S ADVICE

fortunately, not to be present;—there is an ear, remember, which can hear the most silent and inaudible whisper of thanks : but be sure not to trouble the company with your silly gratitude. That were highly unpolite.—They will suspect you not to have read Lord Chesterfield. —Shame upon the polished world ! and have i then caught them ? And can it, in very deed, be ever impolite to thank the Deity for what he gives us ?—“ Oh, that i had in the wilderness a lodging of wayfaring men ! that i might leave such a people, and go from them ! ” —Omai, i will return to 'Ulaietea  
along

along with thee.—Our very poultry one would think to have some idea of gratitude—for is it not a truth that you never see them drink, without turning up their little heads toward the sky, at every sip, as if to render thanks to heaven for the benefits which they receive?

Alas! my own dear sisters—half the world behave with more gratitude, with more politeness, to their friends, to their acquaintances, almost i had written to their servants, than to ———— but i will spare your eyes the pain of reading, and my self the pain of adding, the conclusion

F

clusion of the sentence :—and yet shall they be quick-sighted enough to detect this vice in their friends, or in their dependents ; and have the singular assurance, some of them, to leave behind them, in this world, wills, by which their children are disinherited for the very same behaviour, which they have no idea will condemn their selves, in the next world :—acting, with such an obstinate, Horatian uniformity of avarice and covetousness, throughout the whole farce, that, if you will not think me to refine too much, they are engrossers even in wickedness, and absolutely will not suffer  
the



the rest of the world to have a morsel of the same precious sin, without paying the exorbitant price of infamy, reproach, and poverty.

Poor, weak, silly, foolish, worldlings!—All boy as i am, i cannot but exclaim against them thus. They may return me the compliment of folly, in forty other cases of money, and gain, and profit, G—d knows!

My pen shall not say, with Seneca's, that we live as if we were never to die; because i will not borrow even a truth from a knave,

who, while he wrote against riches, was enjoying a great estate, and using every mean to render that estate still greater :—but i will say, and say it gravely too, that we live as if we had twice as many lives as our cats are foolishly supposed to have.—Certain enthusiasts in Denmark, a few years since, persuaded their selves that it was meritorious deliberately to commit the most atrocious crimes in order to have an opportunity of atoning for them by a public execution and contrition.—One would imagine this diabolical sect of madmen to be revived here ; only, indeed, that we  
wisely

wisely object to the contrition and execution part of the story.

All our young men have not, surely, taken to physick ! and followed old Radcliff's wellknown prescription to acquire practice ; — “ turn atheist, and get talked of.”

It may seem a paradoxical assertion, but it will be found, perhaps, to be unalterably and eternally true ; that we are, literally, further separated from the brute part of the creation by religion, than by reason.—

Thank we Providence for this superiority, and let us forget not to

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assume it.—Observe, that it is not the *going* to church, and addressing your pretty selves, when you enter and when you depart, to the love-scenes on your fan mounts, as devoutly as your admirers to the little bills glewed upon the linings of their hats ; any more than the mere *saying* of prayers ; as too many seem to imagine — which constitute true goodness. For, if so, what a good creature must honest Amen be, who never misses !—This were, indeed, a downhill path to heaven.—In fair truth, we are not to frequent a church, as we would frequent an assembly ; “ because, forsooth, one  
sees

fees so many folk one knows there."

—It was not built for grown ladies and grown gentlemen to practise bows and curtesies in.—A public place of worship it is; but not, in the phrase of the polite world, "a public place:" and much i wish to see all pews seven feet high! were it not that i am fearful our congregations would, in that case, consist only of the old, and the deformed, —the halt, and the maimed, and the blind.—This reminds me of our little sister, whom you remember to have called the stage-box the king's pew, the first time she was at the playhouse. — From a mouth some



twenty years older it had been a biting piece of satire.—To say the truth, little is the difference between our churches and our theatres; only that the latter are frequented with a more religious exactness; and by a more polite, and a much better dressed, congregation.—In the house of G—d, a morning gown, a close cap, and a bonnet, will do. In the playhouse—point me out that tradesman's wife or daughter, between St. Paul's and St. Stephen's, that retailer of *gintility*, who has not seen more of life, than to sit in a side pew, at Drury-lane or Covent-garden, in an undress, — It were

as

as much as your reputations are worth, to appear there, as you appear at church.—Excuse your brother—with young women, indeed, upon whose heads men traps, and wire caps are set, it may be otherwise;—but a man, who entertained a less partial opinion of conjugal neatness than my self, would be apt to swear that married ladies frequently mistake a church for their own homes.

Come not, however, to the habitation of G—d to insult, to ridicule, the G—d who made you. Come not thither to captivate a giddy school-boy ;

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boy; or to catch a new way of sloping a cloak, or a new method of trimming a bonnet.—Hereafter, “creep time ne’er so slow” or pleasantly, when you shall have been lashed round the same humming circle of boyish amusements, till you sleep,—hereafter you must be brought thither, alike insensible to fashions and to lovers.

If you be sufficiently wellbred to despise G—d, add not mockery to negligence and contempt. Lord Chesterfield, that pink, and precious paragon, of all princely politeness! whose empyreal name i have pre-

fumed, an earthly author, in the course of these pages, once or twice, to take in vain; but from whose divine and immortal work i have not transcribed a single line—for I could not find a great many in it about morality or religion—Lord Chesterfield will tell you it would not be common decency even to a private gentleman.—The man or the woman who frequents the circle is justly expected to behave with propriety and decorum: and shall we demean our inconsistent selves less respectfully before the King of Kings?

But

But i might have spared my pen much of this.—The Deity you well know to be every where. A long building, with a steeple at one end, and a weather cock on the top, affords not him particular delight. If he may literally be said to love to dwell any where, it is in the bosoms of those who fear him too much to be wicked, and who love him too much not to be virtuous :—who religiously adhere to the same purity of behaviour in their closets and in their chambers, as beneath the ceiling of a chapel or a church ;—and who require not, like paintings, to be placed at a certain distance, in  
order



order to be seen with advantage, or to appear to perfection.

Use all your endeavours, then, to render your bosoms fit habitations for such a guest. The most passionate of your admirers, altho he shall have read all the novels, and all the lovesongs, that were ever written, and however good may be his memory, will not be able to pay you a higher compliment, than to say they are so.—At least, however, induce virtue to fix her sacred residence there. She hath not any niche, as yet, i believe, in Britain's proud Pantheon.—But remember it  
to

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to be the internal, not the external, purity, which she most regards. With "the calm conscience of a life wellspent" dearly loveth she to dwell.—And in all your thoughts, words, and actions, suffer not this entreaty to glide off your memories!—Whomsoever you offend—whose blame soever you incur—howsoever you sin against fashion, or against politeness—sin not, i beseech you! against the monitor within you.—Set your lives by this regulator, and you will not often find them to go wrong.—The poor, rent, frittered, wretch who hath writhed, hath screamed, under every torture

torture of the Inquisition, is still a stranger to pain, unless he have been rent upon the rack of his own guilty conscience.—Be attentive to the silent admonitions of the ring of the Sultan Amurath, which Conscience hath put on every one's finger : and be careful that the intimations of this ring become not proportionably more frequent, tho less violent ; until, at last, they be so familiar, that you scarcely remark when they shall be given, and when they shall be suspended.—To your latest breaths be ruled, be governed, by this best of all your best friends : for this will never flatter you. Your  
glasses,

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glasses, your brother, and your consciences, will always tell you truth.

Lovingly fond as you already are, my dear Sisters, of this same amiable Truth, little need have i to endeavour to enforce a religious regard for her, by telling you that she is finely, and not improperly, said to be the companion of G—d. A wisdom, inferior to that of Pythagoras, might have told mankind, that they most resemble G—d, in doing good, and in speaking truth. Utter not a falsehood, as Hurd makes his Cowley say he could not,  
tho

tho' to make a friend, or to ruin an enemy. Tell not a lie, my girls (for what is it else?) even in the way of compliment. An ancestor of Lord Carlisle, when he was ambassador at Versailles, after a dozen or two of compliments and fine speeches had been solemnly sworn and protested, backward and forward, between his self, and a noble visiter, about the going out at a door; exclaimed at last: "Oh, my dear Lord—I beseech you to have a little pity upon my poor soul!"—For my self,—i am such an arrant child, that, let me but count nine

G                    hundred



hundred and ninety-nine instead of nine hundred and ninety-eight, at battledore and shuttlecock, and i am uneasy till i correct my self:— and so foolishly proud am i, and to so little purpose have i lived, i know not how many years, in the world, that not even should our dear father hear me say i loved him, were it an untruth. Greatly and gratefully thanked be G—d for this comfortable spirit of truth and sincerity which his paternal Kindness hath vouchsafed humanity ! yet not to that very G—d could i bring my haughty self to repeat the short-

est prayer which my heart did not dictate.

Your brother will not display his extensive reading, and his vast ability by breaking the pretty teeth two innocent girls with a learned penful of hard names, calculated only to cure coughs.—But a certain Athenian was not suffered to bear witness upon oath; and the Roman judges refused to inspect the written testimony of one of their countrymen.—The bare, naked words of these worthy men were sufficient; and i cannot tell you how i envy them their fame.

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With regard to this, as well as to all the other duties of life—let not bashfulness cause you to neglect what you ought to do; nor timidity frighten you into what you ought not to do. The Grecian legislator wisely decreed neutrality to be infamous. It is incumbent upon us to give our votes either for vice or for virtue; and may you have an Herculean judgment to determine between them! This is an election at which ladies vote, as well as canvass.—Some muck-worms, some monied rogues, with whom i have talked,—and for the satisfactory purpose of defrauding  
8 whom

whom i could almost wish my self a sharper,—continually affect to complain of their poverty; but Swift is the only person whom i recollect to have made use even of artifice to be deemed a worse man than he really was.—This, surely, is too nice a refinement!—On the other hand, be not every minute sermonizing about probity and about goodness; however agreeable topics of conversation they may be to yourselves. No worse a judge than Addison says, he remembers not a more handsome thing in the whole life of an author, whom i had occasion to mention just now, than

that none, but his intimate friends, ever discovered him to be a great poet, by his discourse. To our family motto i would wish you constantly to adhere, which is taken from the Roman historian's celebrated character of Cato, and the wholesome purport of which is, "rather be, than seem, good." But it does not direct us to seem wicked, because we are afraid to appear to be good. — Hypocrisy, if she want to allicit the love and esteem of mankind, will assume the mask of Virtue ;—and shall Virtue put on that of Wickedness? I think not:—Virtue is not very fond  
of



of masquerades—Since our cheeks be so exceedingly sensitive, the best good ones of us all have faults enough, i fear! without blushing at what we ought rather to be proud of.

The current of the life of almost every man and every woman will too surely be found to favour of, and to be more or less impregnated with, certain adventitious particles of Vice. The natural philosopher will convince you, in half a moment, with his microscope, that the polished surface, which, to your eye, appeared as smooth as glass,

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may that the smoothest glass, is evidently rough and rugged—nothing but a complication of inequalities and prominencies, of cavities and asperities.—Let the complexions of your lives and manners be, if possible, free from the smallest speck or freckle. A wart is a wart in the finest face.—Tho there be no dust, yet wipe off, as Ovid bids your lovers, that none : and from him which hath not be taken even that which he hath.—Bolingbroke declared Marlborough to be so great a man that he had forgotten his faults : and Henry the Fourth of France contemptuously asked  
the

the Spanish ambassador, if his master had not virtues enough to cover one poor vice.—Your great wits, and your great men, may, perhaps, enjoy an exclusive privilege of “rising to faults true critics dare not mend:”—If so, however, they have something much nearer my pity, than my envy.—But be assured the scales are poised with greater nicety of exactness in humbler life. *Our* dealings with Fame are more in the retail way; and she cannot therefore afford to make us any allowances.—Knowing this, you must be economists of your lives, accordingly.—Correct

rect your selves for the most trifling error, but not your watches—Consider well to what failings you are most prone and most inclined ; and observe always to bend your selves to the contrary. But fall not into the opposite extreme.—Be careful how you mistake the reverse of wrong for right. — Bring not on a consumption by avoiding a dropfy : —nor imitate our Elizabeth, who is said to have been kept single by the six marriages of her father ; nor Philip the Second, who, upon account of the perpetual expeditions of Charles the Fifth, never left Madrid.

Perfection

Perfection you see to be your goal:—and perfection, however unattainable, must be your grand and ultimate object;—must be the aim and the ambition of every step you take in life.—To come in third or fourth, when such numbers start (your admirers have taught you the cant of the turf, at least); is no vulgar praise.

Almost all the virtues, both by painters and by statuaries, are represented under female shapes; and I entreat you to justify (I will not say the politeness, but) the propriety of their taste! We know who is perfect.



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perfect.—Strain we then our poor abilities to get near Him! If we approach toward him, yea but a little;—it is something: and He shall not, *therefore*, neglect us.—G—d of me, and of my fathers! when i call to mind how enviably we have it in our power to render our frail selves like thee, prouder feel i of my humanity, than ever tyrant felt of being a King:—and i am proud of this very pride.

Again—there are even worldly, Ranelagh arguments, why perfection should be as desirable in mind, as in person.—Goodness will not, quite

quite so certainly as ill nature, or  
ill hours, want of smiles, or want  
of exercise,

— like a worm i' th' bud,

Feed on the damask cheek

of youth : and will, perhaps, be of  
more real service to the skin, than  
all Warren's shop—than all the  
creams, and all the Persian bloom  
handkerchiefs, that quackery ever  
published, or coquetry ever pur-  
chased. — Cato, with whose cha-  
racter you are a little acquainted,  
went so far as to allow only the  
virtuous to be handsome ; and to  
maintain virtue not only to be, it's  
self,

self, beautiful, but to render the very body such which it informs.—Already have you lived long enough in the world to know if this be true.—Certain, however, it is, that if Louis the Fourteenth appear to have properly reprimanded the young Dutches of Bourgogne, who was ridiculing the deformity of an officer, with, “Madam, I hold him to be one of the most handsome of my subjects, for he is one of the most brave;”—certain is it that if there were reason in the monarch, much more would there be in the mother, who should  
say

say that, she considers the plainest of her children to be the prettiest, because the best.

Any of your married acquaintances will presently evince to you the slowness of skin-deep charms; will tell you, after how very few weeks, an husband's eye will "sleep in the face" of Beauty's self:—while the homeliest daughter of Goodness knows, by pleasing experience, "virtue in her" ugliest "shape how lovely."—It may be well worth your observations that Vitruvius seriously avers it to be impossible for a bad man to make even a  
good

good architect: and that Tully assures us, than which few truths are more certain, that friendship can subsist only between the Good.—But of this you may sit down religiously satisfied, that *the world will never be so bad, but an honest man or an honest woman will, at one time or another, be good for something.*

And be not you slow to allow this praise of honesty to those of your sex who merit it; tho they be unfortunate enough to have also a fine face, a well-turned elbow, a handsome ear, or even a delicate foot.—The Tartars, you know, suppose



pose the abilities of the person whom they destroy, immediately to transmute into their selves:—it is not so in murdering reputations, believe me! Take a brother's advice, therefore, this once, before a poet's; and be as careful of speaking daggers, as of using them.

To step from one sister science to another—you expect flattering likenesses from Reynolds and Gainborough, when your envious selves always err on the other side of the pencil.—In drawing characters, even of your worst enemies, i desire you never to forget to imitate Apelles,

H

who

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who very properly took the portrait of Antigonus in profile, because he had lost an eye:—or you may throw a veil over the whole face; as Timanthes did, for a different reason.

Reformation, as well as charity, should commence at home. If indeed, your virtuous selves be perfectly faultless; there is the first stone—throw it. But do not walk through the world winking at, and deaf to, your own crying crimes; while your watchful eyes and ears are wide awake to the most trifling mistakes of every one you meet:

Σ

like

like some sleepers who are more disturbed by the falling of the smallest minikin, than by their own noisy snores.

Not however, either, that i would have you, with a muslin modesty of humiliation, affect continually to depreciate your selves, and speak in superlatives of every one else, indiscriminately. The thin, transparent covering only serves to heighten our idea of what it cannot hide.—Assume that pride to which your deserts entitle you.—This were a faulty excess of charity, indeed! Impoverishing your selves to enrich

H 2                      others,

others, who, very frequently, would ill deserve your bounty.

Now i have accidentally mentioned Charity, it is what i, by no means, wish you to want.—Give me your attentions, a minute or two.

Had Providence no charity, what would become of mankind ?

There is a certain general claim of kindness and benevolence, as Montaigne, with his usual good-nature, observes, to which every species of creatures hath an undoubted  
right

right from us.—How much more,  
therefore, a being, stamped with  
the human face divine! *made in*  
*G—d's own image! created after*  
*G—d's likeness!*

For my own part, so sure am i  
to meet some shivering, shirtless  
wretch, or another, every ten yards,  
that i declare my self ashamed al-  
most to walk the streets in a coat,  
with the insulting gloss of novelty  
upon it :—and when moderate cal-  
culation says two thousand to perish,  
every year, through want, in Lon-  
don only ; i will excuse a little cha-



rity, the monstrous extravagance of one or two " rascal counters," with all my heart.

The misfortune is, that too many, in the jealous spirit of emulation, improve upon the prudent proverb of their ancestors, and never suffer their charity to stir a step from home: while that of others, like a man married to a shrew, is every where but at home.—In this, as in all other things, the two extremes are the Scylla and the Charybdis, of which you must steer clear, or inevitably perish.

Were

Were Luxury to curtail but  
 one side dish, now and then; or  
 Pleasure but one amusement; or  
 Vanity but one furbeloe; or Fop-  
 pery but one trinket from either  
 of it's watches;—how many ho-  
 nest hearts might be made to sing  
 for joy!—It was a poor poet, i will  
 tell the world, who gave a widow,  
 one evening, what he was going to  
 spend at a tavern:—and—let me  
 bruit it in their ears—his name was  
 Churchill.

Never people your houses with  
 dogs, or with cats, or with birds.  
 —If you must feed something, you

H 4

may

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may as well feed two or three poor old men and women, as eight or ten gray parrots, and Dutch pugs, and tortoiseshell cats.—It is at least as humane.

In the account of a lady of my friends i have seen such articles as these ;

		£.	s.	d.
A beggar's blessing	—	—	0	0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
The tears of widowed want	—	—	0	0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
The eloquent silence of gra- titude	—	—	0	0 1
				<hr/>
				0 0 3
				<hr/>
				together

together with many others of the same kind: and these are less expensive bargains than what you meet with in Pall Mall, or Tavistock-street; — and this i should conceive to be almost as pleasing a kind of shopping——were it not so very vulgar!

The lady i mentioned alway defers the greater part of her little acts of charity to quite the latter end of the year; by which means she never distresses her self by giving away more than she can afford: for they richly deserve every grain of that contempt with which they will

will too surely be treated, who increase the number of beggars even by their own good-nature.

She plays at cards, too, occasionally, and calls her card purse her poor's box: If she prove unlucky in the course of the winter, her poor relations (for such she thinks them; and such they are) do not find their selves very great losers.—If Fortune favour her; all the difference is, that three or four more families than ordinary beg of Heaven to bless the hand which gave them food and fire.

My



My friend will scarcely, i think, be deemed extravagant, even by her expectant, horse-racing, heir at law : and, perhaps, the veriest miser, who buys up old bureaux with the hope of finding hoards in them, and who never drops asleep after dinner without his hands upon his pockets, would imitate her example —knew he what a treasure Charity is ! —did he recollect that he would be lending to the Lord :— not to mention the interest of other kinds which he would receive.— The Duke of Guise was called the greatest usurer in France ; for he  
laid

laid out his whole estate in obligations.

Your miserable, self-interested arithmeticians, who are at infinitely more pains about this world, than heaven would cost them; and in whose sordid breasts (as my good-humoured deceased old friend used to say) the "milk of human kindness," if they ever had any, is turned sour: Those wretches who covet not heaven if there be no lending or borrowing there; who are desirous of length of days not to repent, but to get rich in; who  
would

would rather have posterity told, upon their costly tombs, that they were "*good* men," in the mercantile, than in the moral, sense; and who, were even Paradise to be purchased, would haggle with their very maker — Those who refuse to give Misery a farthing, "for G—d's "*fake*!" should go to Italy, where the ordinary form of asking is, "Do good for your own *fake*!"

Most things in life, my Sisters, depend upon the manner.

Charles the First, in a fit of gallantry, thinking to surprize his  
Queen

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Queen with a present of a diamond buckle, pushed it down her bosom, and tore her with the tongue.

But in what we are talking about the manner is all. — Poverty and Deformity are, not without reason, suspicious of affronts. Treat them, therefore, with the utmost delicacy of tenderness. — Do not you remember the poor French beggar to have felt the small pinch of snuff which was taken out of his box, more sensibly, than the two sous which were dropped into it; and to have made his grateful reverence accordingly? — A journeyman taylor, once, in my

my sight, relieved an old shop-mate, who had travelled two days upon a stale halfpenny role, with a couple of shillings, *back-banded*: —and i saw an honest negro, not long since, as he was walking toward Deptford, at the rate of about five miles an hour, stop short, in passing an old sailor, of a different complexion, with but one arm and two wooden legs — It was my fortune, i say, to have the luxury to watch this worthy savage take three halfpence and a farthing, his little all, out of the side pocket of his tattered trowsers; wrap them up in a bit of an old hand-bill, which held  
his



his tobacco, when he was so rich as to have any; force them into the weeping failor's retiring hand, with both his; wipe his eyes with the corner of his blue, patched jacket; and walk away so happy, and so fast—that i was obliged to put your friend Spot into a Canterbury gallop, to get up to the dog, in order to shake him by the hand.

Ye task-masters of these worn wretches—Ye hot West Indians—Ye children of the fun—Ye “cream-faced lowns!” Is a man, i pray you, to be made an arrant camel of, forsooth, because his nose

is black ! It is not the complexion of the cheeks which G—d regards. —There are mansions prepared both for you, and for them, in another world ; but not the same. Nor indeed would the poor miserables accept the joys of the first Heaven upon such Egyptian terms.

*Lo ! is not a word better than a gift ?* — Unquestionably, — when the former shall be accompanied by kindness, and the latter by reproach. —So you see the coldest son or daughter of Poverty hath something to give away. Who is there that cannot say, “ Good woman, i

I

“ wish

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“ wish i could assist you?”—*Let it not grieve thee to bow down thine ear to the poor, and give him a friendly answer.* — For, as Pope comfortably observes; if there be too many who cannot be assisted, but by what we cannot give—our money; there are yet others who may be relieved by our counsel, by our countenance, and even by our cheerfulness.

Perhaps you do not know that the haughtiest Don, who nourishes a length of whiskers, will pull off that hat to a beggar, which he would hardly vail to his Prince; and

and will put a piece of money into the hand of Poverty, with more humility, than he performs any one thing else in life.

A Jew is now a term of reproach; it is almost synonymous with a covetous man, or a miser. Do me the favour, however, to read an extract from the laws of this hated people. It shall not, I promise you, taint the milkiness of Christianity.

“ If a poor person ask alms of  
 “ you, and you have nothing to  
 “ give him, you are to sooth his

I 2

“ poverty

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“ poverty with kind words;—for  
“ you are forbidden to chide a poor  
“ person, or to lift up your voice  
“ against him, because——his heart  
“ is broken.”

Why was not this a Christian  
law?

Whatever you do, give not at  
the corners of streets, nor in the  
market place.—Let not “ your eye  
“ look round e'er charity begin;”  
like a sleek-headed old friend of  
mine, who buttons up his pocket  
the moment he does not see any  
body to observe him.—True Cha-  
rity,



rity, like the bashful object of its relief, courts not the broad and glaring eye of day.

“ The man who either disdains  
 “ or fears to walk up a dark entry  
 “ may be an excellently good man,  
 “ and fit for an hundred things;  
 “ but he” — understands not charity.

Great G—d! unless i have greatly  
 offended thee, grant me the luxury,  
 sometimes, to slip a bit of silver,  
 tho no bigger than a shilling, into  
 the clammy-cold hand of the de-

cayed wife of a baronet (for i aver that there are such things), who stands in the comfortless corner of a court, sighing forth, with the inaudible voice of despair,—“I cannot dig, to beg i am ashamed!”—Grant me but such solid joys as this, now and then! and let thy riches (dangerous gifts!) be dealed to those who desire and deserve them more than i!

There are wretches, as well as virtues, which deserve not our contempt for not being obvious, for not being obtrusive.

—— The

—— The proud day,  
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gaudes,  
 for shame-faced Wretchedness to  
 beg in.

Then, your friends and acquaintances, should they pass by at the time — nay the very footmen of your friends and acquaintances ; unless they chance to be negros ; so learnedly they ape their betters ! — would laugh you to scorn. — Oh — its monstrous vulgar to have any feeling ! except, indeed, which you cannot well help having — such as an egregious Oxford-boy thought to

be meant, when a friend asked him, upon his being stricken in company, “ if he *bad* none?— “ Feeling! ah \*\*\*\*\*!” — for he was as bold as a lion, at swearing, and in breaking the commandments, stronger than Hercules—“ to “ be sure i have! but—he never “ hurt me, Man.”

Lady S—— will advise you to make a poor pollard-pated school-boy stand a whole evening, with his face to the wainscot, for having the outdaciousness to blubber, like a tradesman's brat, at Tirrel's account of the wicked murder of the two  
innocent

innocent young Princes; one of whom ought to have been a great King.—And her Ladyship, also, has her feelings: and much good may they do her!

Suffer not your charity, any more than your spirits, to be known by looking at the barometer. Charity and Virtue are both very wretchedly off, when they depend only upon incidents and contingencies.—The goodly caitiff, whom i just now mentioned, would, perhaps, squeeze out a *bad* halfpenny for a *pretty* beggar wench; were he to get the twenty thousand pound prize.

Addison



Addison tells us that, it being a very cold day when his friend Sir Roger made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frize coat, and to every woman, a black ridinghood.

These are miserable, mechanical, doings—indeed!

But, before i take my leave of charity, forget not, in any tender moment of humanity, self to be one's dearest friend,—one's nearest relation. Give to the needy, but so that your selves may never need.

Less

Less frequently you will be imposed upon by dividing twenty shillings among twenty different objects, than by giving a guinea to one:—beside, that, if the one deceive you, the other nineteen are deprived of your assistance.

The height too whence infelicity hath fallen merits consideration.—That fire which would reflect comfort upon the chilly, wintery wretch, who once saw better days; were but ill bestowed on him who was fortunately fostered at the shrivelled breast of cold Penury—and who, from his earliest infancy,

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fancy, hath been happily hardened against "the pelting of the most pitiless storm."

But above all, remember, as I said before, to give to the needy in such a manner as your selves may never need. Of the virtues there is none which hath not a faulty extreme.— Intemperance of the most wholesome things will prove prejudicial to the constitution.

Beside, the world, believe me, is by no means overstocked with generosity. Of your very admirers, few there are who would step out  
of

of their ways, or who would pull off their gloves on a cold morning, to do you a service ; however they may flatter you, and however you may flatter your selves : — and you know not, nor ever shall you know, *how difficult it is for an empty purse to stand upright.*

Be prepared for all possible accidents. Expect an apothecary's long bill, for instance, every now and then. — Should you be disappointed ; it will be, at least, agreeably : and i am afraid i may venture to promise you coveys of misery in any corner of the world to  
discharge

discharge your purses at, instead of the woodcock. — This metaphor is not out of your beat, i hope!—You would not be the first good shot of your sex.

But Brutus, you say, is a charitable man.—So are we all, my Sisters—all charitable men.

A modern, who was far from a discontented misanthrope, affirms history to contain more examples of the fidelity of dogs, than of friends : —and therefore he had his faithful “ Bounce;” who still bears him company, at Hagley, admitted to

6

the



the same equal canvass — and hung up to the same immortality by the same creative pencil. — To his calculation i pretend not to say any thing ; only that i should fancy him to be rather a bad arithmetician : and authors have not generally much practice that way. — A trifle, however, would not tempt me to part with an honest crop-eared fellow i have, between an Irish wolf dog and a Dane : and i will hazard the assertion that he who trusts too much to the friendship of mankind, will be found to have conversed very little with them, or to very little purpose.

As

As to fancy, and parts, and imagination — what *they* will do for one may be tolerably well learned from the sorry, pitiful, detail of an honest poet's moveables, which were miserably auctioned not long since. — Poor Goldsmith ! — Your grateful countrymen, however, *have* kindly made it a little question how you died ; tho they cared not a doit how you lived. — Shall not your shade thank them ? — It is the ingenious remark, indeed, of the Earl of Shaftesbury that, an ingenious man never starves *unknown*. Right comfortable, and right honourable consolation this ! — His friends and  
his

his kindred will, charitably, come, and look upon him, i suppose, my good Lord; and pass by on the other side. — His death will add, perhaps, an entertaining topic to the polished conversation of the tea table or the coffee house, Ranelagh or the exhibitions; unless a fire or an elopement, — a duel or a bankruptcy, — a sixteen-string Jack or a Heinell, — a coronation or a burglary, — a Dutcheffis feathered head *à l'Amérique* or a fine casualty, — — unfortunately for his perishable memory! can claim priority of introduction.

K

There

There are, and whose beards are white too, who will say, that Pope might have saved the ink which he spent, in telling the world, he had rather most men should do him a small injury than a kindness—and that he might even have safely changed “small” into “great,” without any vast or violent danger of having his wishes denied:—But this I cannot think.

More difficult, however, it is for the rich, especially of your sex, to form any idea that others can be in want; than it was for the honest, homebred Welshman to conceive

ceive that there could possibly be other men and other women behind the cloud topped hill; or any other people in existence, beside those of his own wide world, which was extended to the circumference of about two miles and a half.

But heard you never of *the guilt of being unfortunate*, and that *poverty is treacherous*?—Addison, it is true, says of some one,

You'll find it his *misfortune*, not his *fault* :

yet they are not wanting who allow no such distinction; and in whose

K 2      charitable



charitable ideas the latter is inseparable from the former. — Nay, a woman may be guilty even of a good face; and may be much too handsome to have friends.

In brief — Every county hath not, like Hertfordshire, a Wellwyn in it.

The son of a friend of mine actually learns to work at his needle, and cook his own victuals — for my friend says he is determined that, should the boy ever be weighed

ed down by misfortunes, he shall lean upon the hollow world as little as possible. — This gentleman may be particular perhaps; but you will not much blame him, when you shall be told that Bentivoglio, “ whose worst crime was doing too much good,” and whose comedies will last as long as the language in which they were written; after having dissipated a princely fortune in acts of charity and benevolence; was denied the bitter bread he begged from hands his wealth had filled, — and absolutely knocked in vain at the door, bri-

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gued in vain for admission into the worst corner, of the very hospital which his own self had founded, and which his own purse had endowed.

Nor will you, possibly, be very hasty to accuse my whimsical friend of folly, when you shall know that, within this very civilized century, within this very year, an honest tradesman, who had a young pregnant wife, and three infants,—with a broken heart, and broken fortunes,—reduced to the extremity of wretchedness by a long series

ries of ill health, and worse luck,—  
stopped an old gentleman upon the  
road, and, with the carelessly-deter-  
mined voice of Despair, demanded  
his money.—But his face was so  
complete an index to the contents  
of his heart, and so true a frontif-  
piece to his sad tale! that the feel-  
ing old gentleman—good soul!—  
as he delivered his three-and-  
twenty shillings and sixpence, could  
not but read his distress — told  
him the inn to which he was  
going — and entreated him to  
come thither in the evening, that  
he might enjoy the bliss of more

completely alleviating his misery.——

—— Pshaw! plague on it! what doth this white-livered weakness still stick about me, after all my education, after all my commerce with the world! Meseems i am your doughbaked sister, and not your brother. But don't tell any body, girls.—When i shall be able to see clearly enough to trace it upon the blotted paper, you shall have the rest of the story, which is a stock joke, “a monstrous



“strous good thing,” at the Cocoa-tree.

———— The highwayman, with eyes brimful of thanks, looked at his benefactor, and then up to Heaven — flung his uncharged, rusty pistol away—wrung his benefactor’s hands — muttered some blessings “not loud, but deep” — and turned his horse down a narrow lane:— and, in the evening, came, at the appointed hour, to the inn, where the worthy old gentleman was waiting (you will not easily imagine with what an indescribably-pleasing anxiety

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anxiety of expectation) to alleviate  
his distress, by giving him——

Eternal blessings on his hoary head !  
—by giving him

into the hands of a constable ; that  
his virtuous self might receive the  
reward so richly his due (but which  
this

this world can never pay him), for apprehending a robber.

Such however is the caprice of chance, and so cruel alas! the uncertainty of even the best of our gratifications; that, tho this public spirited man received the forty pounds upon the conviction of the villain who robbed him, his satisfaction was not, by any means, complete; for the scoundrel had the assurance to elude justice by dying in his dungeon of despair: and the Honourable George S——n and Mr. Bosw——l, were cruelly disappointed

appointed of one of their dearest luxuries in life.

His widow, indeed, foolishly and unreasonably discontented, followed him the next morning, with her embryo babe; and left her little boy and two girls upon the world: —but this they did not see.

The silly woman knew not that she might perhaps have gotten money enough to have bought a coffin, by — cutting her throat before company.

Should

Should either of these merry anecdotes fall into the hands of our modern farce-wrights, what excellent jokes will they be for the polished fons and daughters of Fashion to burst their tamboured sides with laughter at—especially if the well-bred author conform sufficiently to the taste of the time to make his heroes die upon the stage! — But i presume to hope that Mr. Banks will most carefully keep honest Omai from the knowlege of such tales as these (i could tell you others like them), for the credit of his country, and of civilization!

The



The recollection of them never fails to cost me a sixpence or two extraordinary in charity: and to make me (i know not how) wrap my arms about me — secure my watch (which i value for an honest, faithful fellow, because, in an intimacy of thirteen long years, it hath very seldom deceived me; and not because i am linked to it, like many young gentlemen, as many jewellers can bear sad witness, by a gold chain, from which depends twice as much as i am worth in the world; — if you except my Irish estates — my sugar canes — the money i have lent — and the prizes

prizes which, by the grace of Fortune, i am to get in Coxis lottery, provided i can muster up, or borrow, a guinea for a ticket)— I never recollect, i say, such tales as these, without pulling my hat over my eyes; and walking more slowly, and more deliberately, along the foot way, than at other times i am usually wont.

But is it not high time that theory should give place to practice? Ought i not to convince you that i adhere to my own doctrine somewhat more closely than the virtuous disciples of Whitefield, or than the temperate Cadogan? — Should  
not

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not i show my self to have a little of that charity for my poor wearied Sisters, which i have been so right eloquently persuading them to entertain for others? — Well, then! We will call a new dance presently.

Imagine me not, however, from what i have let drop in the two or three last pages, to have fallen out with my worthy and approved good friend the world:—quite the contrary, believe me!—No Laplander so intimate with his rein-deer—No German so familiar with his dancing bear. — And more, — it is not

very possible that we ever can quarrel ; for the world shall not often refuse me what i ask ; since i will not often ask for any thing. — “ Man “ wants but little here below” — and however idly, or charitably, or foolishly, what i have more than this little, may be spent or dissipated ; *of* this little no fever of folly or extravagance shall, while my understanding remain, induce me to bereave my self.

My pride, G—d be thanked!  
would always keep me from ruin-  
ing my self; could i boast more  
goût for a scheme of that fashion-

L. able

able fort, than i happen to be blest withal, just at present.

Hark you, Sisters—you have acquaintances in the world, you have relations in the world, you have friends in the world:—Good!—but, i charge you! suffer not your unsuspicious selves to lean too much either upon these friends, or upon these relations, or upon these acquaintances. —Far be it from this pen to insinuate that the most common even of the last would deny you a request! Of nothing, but of religious truths, i am surer, than that many, many of them would not.

—Yet,



—Yet, after all, it is poor trusting in any child of man; or even in Princes. — Where is he who will swear that the very hand which guides this pen backward and forward upon the paper, shall not, or e'er it crumble into dust, be shut, be clinched, against those Sisters for whose instruction it is now in motion?

This, heart which now hath hardly room in it for the affection which i bear our dear Father, may (but surely 'tis not possible!), may, some unfeeling time or another, cease to beat with brisker throbs at the sight of him, and no more

L 2

dilate

dilate at the thought of adding but the smallest tittle to his happiness.

Inconsistent man scarcely differs more from his maker than he varies from his self. — Where is he who will engage that i, who, now indeed, at the dear peril of ridicule and laughter, avoid, what Pope calls the worst kind of avarice, being “niggard of advice”—that i, who am at present frugal only of the silver, the golden hours, and days, and weeks, and months, into which my years (bills of which i must render a most exact account hereafter) are changed

changed — who, i say, will promise that this sometime thriftless brother of yours, forefend it Heaven ! shall never be an ass, and feed upon thistles, while he is loaded with gold ? That i shall never be a Nabob, — that i shall never be half so rich as Mr. S—k—s ; and, unlike Mr. S—k—s, suffer the daughter of my mother and my father to be a cook's kitchen wench ?

At present indeed, this four-and-twentieth of October, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-four,

I am not the least covetous of gold ;  
Nor care i who doth feed upon my cost ;

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It yerns me not if men my garments  
wear;—

Such outward things dwell not in my de-  
fire:—

But, if it be a sin to covet Virtue,—  
I am the most offending soul alive!

Yet, can i be confident that the  
damned time will never come when  
i shall lose my senses; and drudge,  
and drudge, and — be a miser? —  
when i shall put my two or three  
poor virtues up to public auction,  
and truck my very soul “ for so  
“ much trash as may be grasped  
“ thus ! ” — for a bowed threepence,  
perhaps !

Oh;

Oh, my G—d!— deal not so with me! Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing!— Long, long before this time arrive, let me in pity, to my mother who is in Heaven! — and may my Sisters, — Gracious Providence,—convinced of the flitting uncertainty of human charities, and of human amities, look up to the footstool of thy Almighty throne, as to their friend, to their relation, to their father! — Thou art not a man, that thy light affections should depend from an autumnal gossamer, so slenderly attenuated, as to be eternally divisible

L 4

by



by the wing of every insect fancy ;  
by the breath of every breeze of  
passion.

Well — then — my Sisters, my  
friends ! now you perceive what is  
the tedious burden of my dismal dit-  
ty.— You see the one constant centre  
to which my every argument verges  
— the point of concourse where  
all my reasonings are collected. —

Be

Be good. — Temptations to hold out to you i have none — except the praise, and the esteem, of those men, and of those women, whose esteem, and whose praise, are most desirable; the plaudits of your own consciences; and the love of G—d.— Richly fraught may you be with

—— all good, wherein consist  
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise!

The absolute necessity of being good, if you wish for happiness in this world, or in the next, is founded upon nothing less than the evidence of a demonstration; and cannot but be so exceedingly manifest, that,

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that, upon my honour! to talk so much, and so long, about it, is almost to insult your understandings. — Those truths, however, which are most obvious, are not always most regarded: — the plainest of your sex, is not the furthest removed from vanity — nor is the voice of the filliest of mine, I fear, the lowest voice in company.

In sober seriousness—without any complicated intricacy of words, or newfangled phrase of affection — let me prevail upon you primarily to exert your most determined endeavours to arrive at the summit of  
Goodness!

Goodness! — as if you had Fortunatus's cap, of which our little Sister tells, you have only to wish, and you are there: — so much of truth is contained in what an eminent divine says, that we may be as good as we please, if we only please to be good.

Let this be all your care—

To stand approved in sight of G—d, thro  
*worlds*

Judge you perverse!

That G—d, whom Milton means,  
is my sacred witness how unwillingly  
i would deceive you! — That omni-  
scient

scient G—d, who knows my heart, knows me to wear your interests in that heart's care — knows the sincerity of my intentions ; the propriety of this request.

Should *you* like, Sister M\*\*\*, after Death, to see an impassable gulf between you and your Josephina? — and desire not *both* my girls, in another life, to find their happy selves in the dear bosom of her who bare us? — Full well i know your answers to these questions.

Be good, then — and if your lives be short, they may be valuable;

“ Tho



“ Tho the piece be only three acts,  
 “ the part may be long.”— A statue  
 is praised for being perfect, not for  
 being large. — The honest rustic,  
 whom i heard exclaim, the other  
 day, on being told a person’s watch  
 cost two hundred guineas, “ surely  
 “ it must be a woundy huge one!”  
 — did he know all the innumerable  
 acts of charity and beneficence  
 which my particular friend (world  
 forgive her!) hath committed, would  
 imagine her to have seen above a  
 century; when, in fact, the third  
 of last month was but her thirty-  
 first, or thirty-second, birthday.

A year,

A year, — a day, — an hour, — a single deed, or but a propensity to a single deed, of Goodness — will no more bear comparison with the longest life, with an immortality, of Wickedness, or even of simple, negative, useless Innocence: than a short apron, or a round robin, carefully wrought by the delicate needle of Elegance, — with a muslin sack, the pattern of which is common, and badly drawn, and worse executed — the work coarse — the trimming ill-matched, and ill-chosen — and the whole clumsy, and vulgar, and tawdry — and full of blunders,

ders, mistakes, darns, and false stitches.

Be good — and when you shall bend, and be wrinkled, with age; —for tho you paint an inch thick, as Hamlet says, you must, if you live long enough, come to this favour, at last :—when every day shall be a climacteric :—when all your other pleasures, all your other gratifications, shall have been torn off, one after another, by this or that unlucky wind; and your withered, sapless, scathed, and blasted, selves shall be left “bare to weather”—naked, and defenceless, and exposed to every  
 7. peevish

peevish blast that blows : — — then  
 — enviable sensation ! — then shall  
 you look back upon your passed  
 lives with such a satisfaction as the  
 Supreme Being is said to enjoy on a  
 survey of his works. — Then “ your  
 children shall arise up, and call  
 you blessed ! Your husbands also,  
 and they shall praise you ! ” — And  
 that which should accompany  
 old age,

As honour, love, obedience, troops of  
 friends —

Then may you *surely* look to have !

And at the last — — Oh ! you do  
 not know, either of you, nor can  
 you

you fancy, with what a blithe, and springy foot, good people step from earth to Heaven!—How great a pity it is that they can die but once!

Miserable, far, far beyond all common ideas of misery, those wretches, whose sole, whose only claim to our reverence and to our respect, is the hoariness of their heads!—While G—d's own sacred self, if i may be pardoned the thought, looks down from his heaven of heavens, with pleasure such as his Deity is capable of, upon age rendered venerable more by virtues than by years.

M

Good



Goodness i maintain to be able to beautify your beauty. Leave your faces and your heads to her, and she will ornament them more than either Coxis ear-rings, should you get them ; — or those ostrich feathers, with which you are so terribly impeded ; but which I am afraid will not assist you to fly upward. — Remember goodness, and not beauty, or even sense, to close the climax in the famous epitaph upon Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke ; which i would sooner wish you to merit than what the King said of Lady Shelly :——

Underneath

TO HIS SISTERS. 163

Underneath this marble hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse :—  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother !  
Death, ere thou have killed another,  
Fair, and learned, and ——— good as she ;  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Greatness indeed may erect the  
monument ; but poor is that epitaph  
which is not penned by goodness.

Study always then, my dear Sisters, to excel all the world (i care not two-pence about tautology), in all manner of all goodness, and of all virtue. Without them there is little of happiness or of pleasure to be looked for here ; and nothing in

another place ;—but, with them, much—all that we dream of the one and of the other. Since, goodness *is* pleasure ; virtue *is* happiness.

And let not your acquaintance with these ladies be merely a fashionable one—leaving an elegant, copper-plate card, twice or thrice in a winter. No girl of spirit, to be sure, would be seen with the queer dowdies in public (and yet i know not either that the Dutchess of Queensbury's arm in the park would very much disgrace you) ; but when you leave town, and go into that undiscovered

covered country from whose bourn no traveller returns, then you will not be ashamed of them.—In another world, you will be proud to have them acknowlege you.

Very far i am from desiring either of you to affect the praise which the Jesuits' college of Granada gave to their Sanchez ; that, tho he lived where there was a very sweet garden, yet he was never seen to touch a flower ; — and that he would rather die, than eat salt, or pepper, or any thing which might give a relish to his meat.—Cadogan is not so rigorously strict as this ;—

M 3

nor,

nor, among the innumerable trees with which the earth abounds, is there above one, or two, that we are forbidden to taste ; and the fruits of those, however tempting they may be to the eye, are not sweet enough in the mouth to make amends for the bitter griefs and pains which they never fail to leave behind them.

The longest day you live, my lasses, eat, and drink, and laugh, and play, and dance, and sing, and be merry. “ Serve G—d, and be “ *cheerful,*” was the motto of a bishop eminent for his piety and  
good



good works, in king Charles the second's reign.—This world is not a tabernacle for thickeyed Methodists. Walk *democritizing* through it. — Gravity is not religion ; nor a face as long as my arm, morality : and as to the times, the age, and the weather ; they are neither better nor worse, that i can see, than they were an hundred years ago.

Let your mirth crackle again, in spite of Lord Chesterfield. — Tho your faces be like gridirons, from grinning ; and your plump selves as fat as Falstaff, from laughing : by the jolly, side-holding, onion-hating god of joy i swear, i will not scold

M 4

you !

you !—Set up a stick, and laugh at that for an hour ; sooner than be grave. Wicked people can be no more than grave.

There are conjurors who tell us strange things about the life of man ;—one says it to be an ocean, another a pilgrimage :—This tells us it resembles a day's journey, that a race, and a third something else.—Whatever it resemble, of this i am sure—it is the gift of Heaven ; and to enjoy it is religion. But look you here—take a peep at it through my telescope :—tis an arrant masquerade, and no one thing else in nature :—and there's sport enough there

there o' conscience ; only go not beyond a certain line, which you cannot but discern ;—if you do,—something worse than sickness or repentance will, most probably, be the consequence of your imprudence.

All i want is, to see as much regard paid to our lives, as to our writings—and Pope tells Steel that, in the latter, “ no errors are so trivial but they deserve to be mended.”—Every language hath its art of poetry, but i have seldom met with an art of virtue.

Longinus, with whom you are better acquainted than half the marvellous

vellous beaus upon town ; for they only know books, and lords, and virtue, and the daughters of vice, by name ; and you have red Smith's translation :— Longinus most reasonably demands whether, should we ever find our selves engaged in a work which requires a grandeur of stile and exalted sentiments, it would not be of use to raise in our selves such reflexions as these ? How, in this case, would Homer, or Plato, or Demosthenes, have thought ? or, if it be historical—how would Thucydides ?—None, of common understanding, can hesitate, the single vibration of a pendulum, about his answer.—Be governed by me then,  
and

and since you will not have frequent opportunities, probably, to apply this rule to your writings; apply it every day, every hour, of your lives, to your actions:—and very seldom do any thing, never any thing material, without first questioning yourselves—“ Would our dear mother “ have behaved thus ?” “ Would “ she have acted in this manner ?” —I shall never live long enough to hear you blame me for giving you this advice. — But, fortunately for us, the good opinion of men contents our moderate ambitions.—Virgil, you know, with his last breath, ordered his celebrated poem to be  
burned;



burned; and the author of *Tartuffe* made some difficulty to let his prince see it represented while it was imperfect.—Addison would frequently stop a whole impression of a *Spectator*, for the sake only of altering a stop, or of transposing a single monosyllable: the archbishop of Cambray is asserted to have left a piece of paper behind him, which desired that one epithet might be changed for another, in the next edition of his *Telemachus*: and, it is a well known fact, that, poor Savage returned a couple of guineas, out of ten, for which he sold his “*Wanderer*,” that the last two sheets might

might be reprinted, which had been corrected by a careless friend.—

Highly commendable were such accuracy of exactness in morality. But Education took care to teach us better things—a false concord, or a false quantity, a false stitch, or a false step, were punished with more severity than a lie or an untruth.

For your brother—I may be wrong; and, if i be, as Cicero says, less properly, of Plato, i prefer the wrong with virtue, before the right with all the world beside; but i would rather hear it said that the sun is incessantly lighting me to some deed

deed of virtue, however small or trifling; than that it is continually shining upon some part of my dominions: a boast with which the Spaniards please their Quixote selves.— This old fashioned opinion can scarcely be followed by me upon the ground of interest, for too well i am persuaded it will never lead me to a fortune here; and whether i be singular in it, i know as little as i care; yet,

If with my self i hold intelligence,  
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;

infinitely sooner, i am sure, would i  
have merited what Cowley's prince

said of him, on the news of his death, that he had not left a *better* man behind him in England ; than all his reputation for measuring syllables, and for coupling rhymes :— and as i would rather have been Scipio Nasica, who was declared, by the unanimous voice of the senate, the worthiest man in Rome ; than *all* his countrymen ! and Leopold duke of Lorrain, who protested that he would quit his sovereignty the first instant he could no longer do good ; than *all* the potentates of Christendom !—So should not the possession of every precedent accomplishment, in the old French epigram  
which

which i showed you the other day,  
and they are desirable ones too,  
tempt me to deserve the severe cen-  
sure conveyed in the last line—Etoit-  
il honnête homme ?—ah, *non*!

But one little, glimmering, twink-  
ling virtue or two, father Almighty,  
to steer through perilous life by ! and  
for what the world calls wealth,  
and fame, and applause, and rank,  
and ability—to which the curious  
questions of mankind are pointed :  
why — the proudest puppy of a  
peer shall only have my pity.

One self approving *moment*, years outweighs  
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas.

To



To you, my Sisters, i need not blush for, what the all-accomplished, the Chesterfield-instructed world would call, this weakness, this error. Nor shall they make me change my *mumpsimus* for their *sumpsimus*.— If, in sad truth, it be an error—if it be a weakness;—it is the sole, the only one, i can safely say, which i imbibed from our dear mother:— one which i have gratefully cherished, now for above ten long years; and that is a great deal in a boy's life:— and one which, after all the learned arguments that i have heard, and read; and all the different magnetisms of all the different

N

attractive

attractive examples that i have felt in life; must e'en remain with me, i think, till i go—i tremblingly trust! —to that happy place, which already holds that mother.

Thither may we all go — there may we all meet—when the comedy shall be over! —when this little theatre shall be shut up for a long, long Lent; and all its lamps extinguished! For so it must be—wasting have been our brightest lives from the moment they were first lighted. — Yet a very little while, and, like the tapers by which i am scribbling this, they must be  
burned

burned down to the sockets:—nor will the ink which my pen has just taken out of the ink-glass, last it for many moments. We are all three a couple of months older than when i first dipped my pen in this subject.—My tapers however shall not burn in vain; and i will write as much as ever i can with this penful of ink.—Life is long enough, in all reasonable conscience, for every thing, and for every body, but for wickedness, and for the sons and daughters of sin. Never let us quarrel with Providence, forsooth, because we are not to remain above sixty times three hundred and

sixty five days in this precious place. — And, since it s a truth which he who rides may read, why should it make us grave? I have no conception of it: nor shall you ever see me a grave man, but in Mercurio's sence of the word.—Cut your muslin to advantage, then; and when a child's frock be made with tucks, if you will not let one of them down, as she grows—can you, with any colour of pretence, cry out that it is scanty? We know the lutestring pleasures of this life not to have any wear in them. They do one very little service.—So who but a fool would blubber (excuse me) when

they come to pieces? — In plain black and white, for truth, like the elegant ones of your sex, borrows nothing of the pencil; and is, “when unadorned, adorned the most;”—In nineteen little words,

Nor love your lives, nor hate—but, what you live,

Live well.—How long or short permit to Heaven.

Goodness is the centre of all earthly happiness, and to that alone should tend all the lines from the circumference.

After what hath passed upon the subject of goodness, i will not af-



front you so grossly as to hint at friendship between your selves. — Long, long may it remain! and may it link you together with links of iron! — “Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love,” is a sacred injunction, by following which we shall never find our selves to be led to misery. — They who have not tasted “how good, and how pleasant, a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity;” are pitiful strangers to the chiefest joy in life, next to a quiet conscience. — If we *must* quarrel, there are men and women in plenty; there are the French, the

the Spaniards : but let us not quarrel with our own flesh and blood.—

To wear the same shape, to breathe the same air, to tread the same earth, to be lighted by the same sun, to be enclosed in the same round world ; is kindred, is relation enough for your silly brother. But to think of suffering any thing like a wry word or a wrinkled look, a captious observation or a short reply, between one's self and a person of the same country, of the same name, of the same family ; one who is marked, perhaps, by the same set of features ; who sleeps under the same roof, drinks out of the same tum-

bler, and is descended from the same dear father and the same dear mother, and has hanged at the very self same breast——the bare possibility of such a thing is a reflection upon humanity.

Indulge me a few minutes longer while i just leave with you this imperfect little sbozzo (what is life without hard words?), which may serve to give you some faint idea of goodness; as we keep by us portraits of foolish, virtuous, old relations, who have long since retired to their native heaven :—

It is not in the style of Salvator.

Goodness

Goodness is satisfied, is content, is meek :— She (you observe her to be of your sex), she is all gentleness, all gratitude, all resignation — is never passionate, never out of temper, never impatient. Goodness envieth not any one, injureth not any one, speaketh not scandal of any one.—She does not “ wear her “ dagger in her mouth,” but stabs with keener acts of kindness ; defends the cause of the absent, and treads softly over the graves of her very enemies : wherein she imitates the lionsess.—

— For

—— For it is

The royal disposition of that beast  
To prey on nothing which doth seem as dead.

Goodness remembers every thing  
but the favours which she confers,  
and the injuries which she receives ;  
and thinks not so highly of revenge  
as the Italian, who said G—d to  
have reserved it to his self, because  
it was too noble a prerogative to  
bestow on man.—Goodness satisfies  
the wants of her fellow creatures,  
before her own whims ; and de-  
means her self reverently to G—d,  
respectfully to relations, properly  
to superiours, politely to equals, and  
kindly to inferiours. This is she, of  
whom



whom it is rightly said, that, were she visible, all the world would be enamoured of her charms;—wherefore i should conceive the most foolish trifler of your sex, if she have any vanity, ambitious to resemble her.—Imagine me not, however, i pray you! to have sitted to my own art; tho it be more than probable that, like the young Grecian, i may have fallen in love with it's production. The father of modern painting introduces his wife, indeed, in many of his pieces; but very seldom his self.—My Helen is not taken from one face; at least if she  
be,

be, she is taken from the face of the dear woman, whose memory we so justly honour; and the Correggiesque features of whose life and manners i was just old enough to distinguish before she was caught up into heaven.

But my pencil grows hard—I will take my pen again.

And its first business shall be to leave a line or two with you, by way of memorandum, that you are not to fancy your brother to be the great example to his own theme. It is very sure, G—d knows! a man may ve-

ry

ry often talk and preach well, nay sometimes act well, without being the pattern of all goodness.—Poor goodness is not treated unlike the humble companion of a lady of quality ; nothing, i assure you, in company, but “ Miss ” — and “ my dear ! ” — and “ the dear girl looks ill ” — and “ pray ! do you go first.” The moment the tiresome scene changes to her own home ; “ Such a pretty thing, indeed, to have a head - ake ! ” — “ Do, Miss Pert, see whose carriage it is that stops ” — “ Will your ladyship condescend to make up my suit of Brussels, while the  
Colonel

Colonel looks over what belonged to my poor dear husband ?

*Let those teach others, who themselves excel*, is like all other general rules.—Lord B——e educated his children unexceptionably : and i have heared lord L——n hold forth upon religion and morality, for an hour, by the dial at the St. Jamesis coffee-house; with a gravity of countenance which really did him credit.—But, enough ! I have already said i will not flatter myself; and pray ! excuse me if i dont traduce my self. It is an office i do not very often perform for my enemies, i believe.—

Vices, of which i am not conscious, i am not yet polite enough to affect; —deformities, which i wish to conceal, i will not render more conspicuous by dizening them out in a tinsel modesty. —Take me for all in all, i love goodness rather better than vice; and, consequently, do not hate my Sisters.

Now this goodness, to enable herself the longer to enjoy those enviable pleasures which i described a minute or two ago, pays the strictest, the most religious attention to her health — with some thoughts  
upon



upon which it is my next design to trouble you.

Come then—there are my good girls ! Leave those miserably grave faces for worse-natured people than your selves ; and i will, in pure pity, spare you this once.—Indeed, the honest truth is, that the approaching term prevents the execution of my intended design, for the present.—The county of Essex must be exchanged, for Essex court  
in

in the Temple; and the morning ride upon Spot, for the morning amusement in Coke upon Littleton:—but variety is every thing, and thus we fill our parts; and thus we meet with plaudits.——How cruel now that it should be unpolite to quote Latin to young ladies! I have such a precious string of hemisticks for you.—What, however, I fully meant to have said about your healths shall not be forgotten; nor, afterward, shall female accomplishments go unconsidered. In the interim, pay a visit, now and then, to this young branch of the tree which, with no small tenderness of

O

fenti-

sentiment, i have planted, and trust to rear, as a lasting mark of my well-meaning friendship for you both. — Some fruits you will find upon it, if you look carefully under all the leaves ; and, should they taste rather bitter at first,—so much the more wholesome. — Persevere, and you will come to relish them.— It is but fancying your fashionable selves learning to eat olives, or to grime your aprons with snuff.

G—d bless you, my dearest Sisters !—Copiously may you be gifted with all good gifts ! — Every different kind of good bechance to you !—

you ! — and every ministering spirit  
of light be constantly about your  
paths, and about your beds ! —  
Long may Heaven lend you life ;  
and remember it to be *but lent* ? —  
Father Almighty, may we grow  
old together !

And when i am forgotten, as i shall be—  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no  
mention  
Of me must more be heard—say then I  
taught you—

tell your children, my lasses, that  
their uncle taught you, the little all  
he knew :—that he besought you to  
prefer goodness before every thing  
—to leave all the nominal pleasures

196 A BROTHER'S ADVICE

of this world, and to cleave to her alone — to keep your eyes fixed, rivetted upon her ; never to lose sight of her, in your walks through life :—and to let her mild, beckoning, form be constantly the striking figure at every turn ; the central object which meets your views at the perspective end of every vista !

If these entreaties shall not have been whispered in vain, little occasion is there for me to waste any of my ink in wishing you that happiness which you are sure to find, both here and elsewhere.

— If



— If there be a Power above us, —  
 And that there is all Nature cries aloud  
 Through all her works, — He must delight  
 in virtue,  
 And that which he delights in must be happy.

Once more — G — d Almighty, the  
 G — d of our good father and mother,  
 guard you, and guide you, both ! — as often as i kneel me down  
 to thank Heaven for its favours, i  
 will not forget you. This trifle  
 you will do me the kindness to  
 keep by you, and to look at, sometimes,  
 for the sake of one whose  
 love for you far exceeds the love of  
 modern lovers. It will not, i think,  
 make you graver, — and i trust it

will not make you worse, women, than you were before. If it go down to posterity—well!—Perhaps it may do almost as much good as an ode, or an elegy: and i will not ask with Gray, who asked it with some other philanthropist; *as to posterity—what has it ever done to oblige me* \* ?

If

\* “ Memoirs of the life and writings of Mr. Gray,” page 261. Friendship's self will perhaps forgive me this reflection, which i am sure was not penned in ill-nature, when even Mr. Mason acknowledges *the world will probably be surprized that his friend should never have read with a view of making his researches useful to the public* (335): and when the

If Pope have well described the furniture of your toilet, “ puffs,

the author of the character, which Mr. M— has inserted, seems to have been more aware of this objection, than able to obviate it (404). I only take leave to say, that, in my young opinion, to be *innocently employed* is scarcely enough. On my list of negative examples, he who neglects to use his abilities in the service of mankind, does not stand a great way off him who misuses them. Catiline and Hume i detest ; —Atticus and Gray i cannot praise.—The truth is, Gray has already so much of my admiration, as a poet ; that i wish to throw him the rest, as a benefactor to his fellow creatures : and surely they may fairly claim their tenths !—But i *have* strange notions, now and then, i confess ; and i beg pardon of Friendship for this note.

“ pow-

200 A BROTHER'S ADVICE

“ powders, patches, bibles, billet-  
“ doux ;” then let this make part of  
the medly—and let it be as faithful  
a monitor for you to dress your  
minds by, as you consult in a morn-  
ing to adjust your bodies.—Be this  
the amorous mirror which you  
court : and give me to say to each  
of you, as the warning voice said to  
our first mother, in Paradise—

—What thou seest,  
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thy  
self ; —  
With thee it came, and goes.

and when you shall have beholden  
your beautiful selves, forget not  
straight what manner of women you  
were

were:—or—to pass, in metaphor, from the glass to the apothecary's shop; which,—tho it be not very frequent, in real life, with your sex, unless you paint; is common enough, in a different sense of the word, with the jovial ones of mine.—Be so obliging as to try this receipt! Like many other harmless medicines, if it do no good, i will readily pawn all my medical reputation that it shall do no harm!—Not that you are bad, or need any thing of the kind: but a certain heathenish book, which, unfortunately for the proprietors of it, is no novel; and which it is as vulgar to have



red, as not to have red Lord Chesterfield's letters, or Hawkesworth's voyages—a certain book, i say,—over which the sons of fashion lounge, while their heads are powdered, hunting out new oaths,—wisely prescribes for us to “take phyfick, or ever we be sick:” and i would only have you to take this by way of a preventive. You will see it advertised, indeed; but yet i am no quack.—Nauseous, believe me, it is not, by any means! and possibly the innocent mixture of the brother, which visibly runs through the whole, and gives life and colour to it; may not render the draught much.

much less palatable, or much less agreeable.

Time is too valuable to spend much of it in thinking of an elegant conclusion, of any thing more than a common border, to such a bagatelle as this :—beside, it shall be all of a piece—all gobble stich.—Believe me, therefore, without any inverted conical gradation of superlatives ; or any more such cruelly hard words as these last —

Your truly affectionate brother  
and friend,

3 Nov. —74.

H.

P. S. A thought or two, here and there, in what you have read, you will easily see to have been added since November: but i choose to let that date remain.—The printing of it was delayed till this time, for reasons with which it were of little consequence to pester you.—However, you shall not be served so with the rest.—But you have it now: and much good may it do you! Remember *me* to have done *my* part.—*Do you yours!*—and so, adieu!—And now let mine adversary rejoice, for—i have written a book.

7th April, —75.

F I N I S.

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E R R A T U M.

*Page 83. line 6. before the word two insert of.*

